And my maide *Aethra* hath by liſtning, ſlily
Brought me ſuch newes, as toucht mine honour highly:
Wherefore (deare Lord) diſſemble or deſiſt,
Being over-eyde, we cannot as we liſt
Faſhion our ſports, our Loves pure harveſt gather,
But why ſhould you deſiſt? diſſemble rather.
Sport (but in ſecret) ſport where none may ſee,
The greater, but not greateſt liberty:
Is limitted to our Laſcivious play,
That *Menalaus* is farre hence away.
My husband about great affaires is poſted,
Leaving his royall gueſt ſecurely hoſted,
His buſineſſe was important and materiall,
Being imploy'd about a Crowne Imperiall:
And as he now is mounted on his Steed,
Ready on his long journey to proceede;
Even as he queſtions to depart or ſtay,
Sweet heart (quoth I) oh be not long away;
With that he reach'd me a ſweete parting kiſſe,
(How loath he was to leave me, gueſſe by this.)
Farewell faire wife (ſaith he) bend all thy cares,
To my domeſticke buſineſſe, home affaires.
But as the thing that I affection beſt,
Sweet wife, looke well unto my *Trojan* gueſt.
It was no ſooner out but with much paine,
My itching ſpleene from laughter I reſtraine,
Which ſtriving to keepe in and bridle ſtill,
At length I wrung forth theſe few words *(I will.)*
Hee's on his journey to the Iſle of *Creete*,
But thinke not we may therefore ſafely meete;
He is ſo abſent, that as preſent I,
Am ſtill within his reach, his Eare his Eye,

And

And though abroad, his power at home c
For know you not Kings have long reach
The fame for beauty you beſides have gi
Into a great exigent hath driven me:
The more your commendation fild his ea
The more juſt cauſe my husband hath to
Nor marvell you the King hath left me-ſ
Into remote and forraigne Climes to goe,
Much confidence he dares repoſe in me,
My carriage, haviour, and my modeſty,
My beauty he miſtruſts, my heart relies in
My face he feares, my Chaſte life he affies
To take time now when time is, you pe
And with his apt fit abſence you invade m
I would, but feare, nor is my minde wellſ
My will would further, what my feare doth
I have no husband here, and you no wife,
I love your ſhape, you mine, deare as your
The nights ſeeme long to ſuch as ſleepe alo
Our letters meete to enterchange our moa
You judge me beautious, I eſteeme you fai
Vnder one roofe we Lovers lodged are.
And (let me die) but every thing conſider,
Each thing perſwades us we ſhall lie together
Nothing we ſee moleſts us, naught we hear
And yet my forward will is ſlacke through f
I would to God that what you ill perſwade,
You could as well compell, ſo I were made,
Vn-willing willing, pleaſingly abuſde,
So my ſimplicity might be excus'de.
Injuries force is oft times wondrous pleaſing
To ſuch as ſuffer eaſe in their diſeaſing,

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